

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the
ENLISTED MEN
of
S.A.A.C.C.

A.A.F.C.F.T.C.
'UT VIRI VOLENT'



THE YARD BIRD

BABY
PHOTOS
FOR Y.B. SEE
PAGE 5

Vol. 1, No. 33

Sept. 11, 1943

PRIZES OFFERED IN CARTOON CONTEST

Many a talented pencil is idle at the SAACC. Many a man draws for his own amusement or to send to the gal friend. This talent can be turned into war bonds and provide entertainment for others of the post.



Lt. Col. Chester Hill, special service officer, today announced that prizes would be offered as an inducement to SAACC cartoonists who win or place in a contest to be sponsored by the YARBIRD.

Cartoons may be submitted in any size from two by three inches to two by three feet. Five by seven inches is recommended. The line or "wash" work is acceptable as are pencil sketches.

Subject matter, as well as execution will be considered in awarding the prizes. The cartoon should deal with clean army humor - preferably with a local angle - and "cheesecake" kept to a minimum.

All prize-winning cartoons will be published in the YARBIRD. Five dollars in war stamps will be awarded the winner, three dollars worth to the runner-up and one dollar's worth each to those winning honorable mention - five in number.

There will be three judges: Col. Hill, Capt. Clyde Matthews, public relations officer and former newspaperman, and Lt. Julius Woeltz, formerly with the University of Texas as art department and painter of several murals now gracing this post.

SERVICE MAIL DATA

The WD reports that overseas dogfaces receive over 20 million pieces of mail a week and send back about a third as many. So far 45 million V-Mail letters were sent without a single loss. Several million bucks worth of money orders are sent home every month. The average GI abroad gets 14 pieces of mail per week. Letters from soldiers overseas generally get home more quickly than vice versa, because more space is available on home-bound planes and ships. (YANK)

SAACC BEATS WAR WORKERS, ELIGIBLE FOR PLAYOFF

EM TO THROW PARTY, FRIDAY AT CLUB NO. ONE

WANTED! One thousand or more Army rug cutters, GI issue, Model 1943.

WANTED ALSO! About twice that many beautiful chicks for the evening of September 17, to help cut the same rugs mentioned above.

Yep, the Enlisted Men's council has finally come through with a big surprise. EM of SAACC are invited to attend a dance for all EM at the Cadet Service Club No. 1 for three hours of merry-making on Friday night, Sept. 17.

Three hours of good dancing fun and a half hour floor show will top the list of attractions.



The Hill Top City Orchestra, EM Band, will beat out the rhythm.

Squadron rosters have been posted on organization bulletin boards for EM to initial for attendance at the dance. Your dates name and address should be entered. Transportation will be furnished dates from San Antonio to the post and return.

Dancing, floor show, a professional master of ceremonies in the person of Sgt. Charles Foll, and best of all the whole thing is free.

STINSON SMACKS HONDO OUT OF PLAYOFFS BY WINNING 7-6. SAACC SMOTHERS KELLY 14-1.

SAACC helped themselves to fourth place and a spot in the Shaughnessy playoffs Sunday with the help of Stinson, who knocked Hondo out in the protested game playoff 7-6. At the same time, the Cadet Center Sluggers were mercilessly trouncing the hapless Kelly War Workers by rapping out 17 hits and a 14-1 victory.

The play resulting in the protested Hondo-Stinson game occurred in the fourth inning, without a score on either side. Hondo had runners on 1st and 2nd with one out, and the next batter topped one down the first base line, and in running to the bag, kicked the ball which made it an automatic out. The umpires called the out, but misinterpreted the rules and allowed the base runners to advance illegally. The next batter singled and drove in the two runs needed by Hondo to win 2-1. Sunday's game was taken up in the last of the fourth inning with the Hondo runners on first and second with one out, and they eventually scored, but in the meantime, Stinson had developed the punch hit needed to come from behind and win, 7-6.



As the standing now read, SAACC will meet Randolph in the best two out of three games to get into the finals. However Hondo can still throw a monkey wrench in the works by defeating Brooks this afternoon. In that event, SAACC and Brooks will be obliged to play a game to settle third place spot, which SAACC could win by defeating Brooks. Plans, however, call for the playoffs to start Tuesday evening, with the final games in the best two out of three ending Sunday. The finals will probably begin Tuesday, Sept. 14, and will be decided by the best three-out-of-five. Winner will receive the Ed. S. Fomby Victory trophy.

Interesting note of the Sunday game at Tech field was the presence of the Brooks and Randolph Squads who were scouting the foes, and both were treated to a nice dish of pitching handed out by three SAACC hurlers who limited the hardhitting War Workers to 3 hits without too much trouble. We'll be seeing you in the playoffs, Randolph.

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"SEND ME MEN WHO CAN SHOOT AND SALUTE."

-- GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING

Army regulations require that members of the armed forces render the salute when passing an officer -- on the post or away from the post.

There may be problems -- as, for instance, in front of the Gunter Hotel, yet the soldier who is proud of his army and its cause will "bend over backwards" to adhere to regulations.

The only occasions upon which the salute is not required is when it will cause a definite inconvenience -- thereby making the salute ridiculous -- to one of the parties involved. Yet, if regulations are obeyed, there should be few such instances.

The soldier, or officer, who is riding does not salute his superior who is afoot. Within doors is another exception. On a stairway, for example, the soldier moves to the side and stands at attention until the officer of superior rank passes.

Otherwise salute at the point of earliest recognition or the nearest point of contact (not less than six paces and preferably more than six paces so that the salute can be returned in good time). Always look straight at the man for whom the greeting is intended -- and not at someone behind him.

In the last analysis -- the salute is mandatory. Failure to comply will bring disciplinary action. Military police have definite orders to take the names of all military personnel who fail to render the proper salute.

STATE HEALTH DEPARTMENTS WILL AID WITH CHILD BIRTH

Hey, soldier! If you expect a little gold brick in your home you won't have to worry about the care your wife will get, because she'll receive the best -- for free. Write her to get in touch with the director of maternal and child care in your State health department back home.

Complete maternity care for wives of enlisted men below the first three grades in any of the armed forces can now be provided without cost through the State Health Departments under a plan recently approved by the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor.

Wives of men in the fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh grades are eligible for these benefits as long as similar services aren't available through medical or hospital facilities of the Army or Navy or through official State or local health agencies.



Forms for requesting care are made available by the State Health Departments through local health and welfare agencies, local Red Cross chapters, prenatal clinics, military posts and through local physicians.

Your wife and her doctor complete and sign the form and mail it to the State director of maternal and child health. The form includes a statement by the doctor that the services provided will be paid for by the State health department and not by your family.

If your heir arrives before your wife has time to fill out the application, medical and hospital care may be given anyway. However, the application should then be completed as soon as possible and forwarded to the State health agency.

The program is in effect in all states except the following: Louisiana, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Colorado.

The plan provides complete medical service, during the prenatal period, childbirth and six months thereafter -- including the care of complications, operations and postpartum examination.

It provides health supervision for babies and nursing care for the mother before, during and after childbirth and for the baby during the first year of life.

Hospital care is also provided at ward rates for all maternity patients and infants. But if your wife prefers to have her baby at home and save the ward rates, that's okay, too.

Sounds good, hey? (CNS)

MP AUTHORITY EXTENDED

The War and Navy Departments have agreed to extend the authority of MPs and SPs all over WACS, WAVES, SPARS, and members of the Marine Corps Women Reserves. Women in uniform, however, can't be thrown into guardhouses, briggs or similar places of detention. (YANK)

DISCHARGE BUTTONS

Here is the new lapel button to be issued to military personnel honorably discharged from the Army. It's a gold-plated plastic button featuring an eagle inside a circle with wings extending



beyond the circle's edge. The button is now being made by the QMC. Full details on how to get it will be given as soon as it is ready for distribution.



"Daddy, what does 'target for tonight' mean?"

THE STAFF

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DEADLINE FOR ALL SQUADRON NEWS IS TUESDAY NOON.

SQ. PROP WASH

HQ & HQ NOTES

By S/Sgt. George Cain

The scene was the ball diamond in back of the squadron. The teams were the 20 characters who work in personnel Hqs. and who are part of this organization. It all happened when someone remarked that there were better ball players in the treasurer's and payroll sections than there were in service record section. That started something that might never have been proved if we had no ball diamonds or equipment. But the spirit of the challenge ran high. Next day there they were, on the diamond with blood in their eyes, (from the night before) and hot words on their parched lips. After finally locating a capable umpire (Lakowitz) the battle was on, the dust flew and balls were thrown and hit in every direction, after the dust had blown away and everything was calm and serene once again we caught the final score. It was 10-9 in favor of the service record section.

Every ball game must have its hero and also its goats. There were two on each side. For the S/R section, methinks that Sgt. Karp played a bang-up game. For the losing team it was no fault of Sgt. Regsdale who hit a home run with bases loaded and made some nice stops at first base. It seems a coincidence that both shortstops were the goats of the game. Sgt. Cuccia edging out S/Sgt. Gonz for top honors in the error department.

Competition is not always playing a game or sport. Take the Retreat Parades on Monday and Friday. The blue ribbon has been given out three times for the best performance on passing in review. The 885th has just nosed us out twice, Sq. #1 has taken it once, but watch out the next couple of weeks.

A little about the boys and their doings. Here is your "GI Walter Winchell" without a Girl Friday (or anyday) to help him out. Sgt. Mowery and Cpl. McCabe hitting Houston Street quite often. T/Sgt. Leece can be seen off the post mostly down at the "Elks Club." His elbow never gets tired. Word got to me via carrier pigeon that Pvt. Ufferman laughed at the boys in barracks 6116 when they were restricted. (He hasn't been off the post since his arrival.) I think Cpl. Bono must love his wife, he is very seldom out of his bed. But I did see him going into town once with Sgt. Perry as an escort. He said it was for a spaghetti dinner. Sgt. Dan Falconer and PFC Don Dempsey were looking for a spree. They are always in town and together too.

Next time the squadron has a picnic and any games are to be held where prizes will be awarded, you can bet your life that there will be more than enough competitors. The cigarettes given as prizes were greatly appreciated by all winners. It was the right time of the month to give them out, too. That about winds up our weekly scandal column, so I'm off to look for a girl by the name of Friday. I'll probably end up with something like Suzybelle or Ida Mae, but who cares....It is a lot of fun looking.



North Africa—Filling out an application for dependents' aid, a colored soldier answered "no" to the question of whether he had any dependents.

"You're married, aren't you, Sam?" asked an officer, puzzled. "Yassah," the soldier replied. "But she ain't dependable."

MEDICS

by Sgt.

Sylvester Vita

This month the rumors are flying thick and fast. It seems (by latrine-o-gram) that everyone is going to be transferred to his home town, and do the same kind of work they have been doing here. Well it's kind of nice, but do things like that ever happen? A couple of the spots that the boys wouldn't mind are St. Louis and Miami Beach.

The monthly business trends has but one item to report this month. Due to its being just after the end of the month, the stock of a certain brewing company went up several points. Among the strongest elbows on the post (all developed by PT) are the elbows from the MPU.

Has it been hot the last few weeks? Well anybody that can't stand it, should come down to the eye department. It is (believe it or not) air conditioned. Nowadays everybody's business is taking them through the eye department.

This week the boys are going on a five mile hike to finish up their three months course in basic training. For 90% of them it's the same thing they had in '41 and the later part of '42. The odds are 10 to 1 that only half will finish it.

It seems that all the topics worth mentioning (except one) have been taken care of, so until next time, we will be seeing you in the YARDBIRD.

PSYCH FARMERS BAPTIZE HECKLER

by Frank Murray Lassman

"Le Deluge" hit Bernard Dahlin last week. Bernie heckled a group of PRU gardeners until he was mobbed by his victims, carried triumphantly like a human sacrifice, and thrust bodily under a cold shower. But it took seven powerful PRUmen to do the job. Dahlin insists it was a hundred.

Mike Gordon and Manny Berger escorted two sisters home from the La Villita affair, prepared to serenade fair soeurs. But the girls beat a hasty retreat at an early hour, so Gordon sang to Berger to the tune of the Berger guitar - just for practice.

Doreen "Kitten" Krueger, darling of the salt mines, denies deserting her bosom pals for a young Gter with an Irish monicker. Miss K's only commitment was, "We're just good friends, but he IS nice, isn't he?"

If you ask him nicely, Art Benson will show you some honest to goodness photography-pictures of his four-week-old daughter in the usual flat-on-the-stomach-birthday-suit poses.

Statistics Dept. complains of being constantly pestered by a stubby "research associate" from GT who gets "ideas."

Flash Gordon's anxious cry in the night — "Hey fellows! there's something in the next bed that snores — and I never saw it before."

Ah!, there was a tender moment when Frank Hobden, about to depart for AGD, bid farewell to his faithful and beloved servant, Shasta, the aged but well-mellowed Packard. There was a silent embrace, then Frank braced his shoulders and patted Shasta on the nose. What followed has been reported by usually reliable sources. As Frank turned away, Shasta seemed to heave a huge sigh and then suddenly — disintegrated like the "Wonderful one horse shay."

Payday last week, and Jerry Lieberthal improving a Churchill epigram as he appeased his eager creditors. Observed Jerry, "Never before have so few owed so much to so many."

Ben Willerman wishes to make public announcement of his newly acquired promptness. He is no longer behind the clock in the morning, this attested to by Chief Keller. Must be that the wife employs techniques far more successful than the old Bay Chief's. Keller plans a study of the statistical difference between techniques with possible training implications for future Bay Chiefs.

Overheard by one of our agents: "There'll be no dull times at JB if Chaplin parties the way he partied last Saturday." Monday morning, Jim Chaplin complained of the hives and an upset stomach. "Must be the milk I drank the other night," he said. But they weren't calling it "milk" Saturday night. I'm sorry that the best about Chaplin cannot be told — censor no like.

The testing day completed, a more courageous aviation student approached Gter Bill Murphy and dared to ask the meaning of the word "converted." Before the A/S could flee the scene, Bill had launched into the principle parts of the Latin verb "convertio," conjugated the Latin adjective "conversus," -a, -um, and traced the etymology through Anglo-Saxon and Middle English.

You incorrigibles in the Reports Dept. better get back into line. We hear that task-master Bob Bryan is a direct descendant of Davey Crockett, one of the two-gunningest men in Texas history.

We are asked by our Editor to write up the La Villita affair but we have found Unit enthusiasm so unanimous that words would be an unnecessary repetition at this late date. Allow us just two words that will express what those of us who worked behind the scenes will most remember about La Villita — just two words — a name — Hy Schmierer.

FACTS AND FIGURES

The OWI announces that more than 2½ million American soldiers are now overseas, more than half of them in Pacific areas. Here is the order of priorities on mail going overseas—official air-mail letters, V-mail, regular air-mail and regular letters under 2 ounces. The navy will soon commission 600 women doctors for active service. They will be stationed in continental U.S. the Army has 10 women medical officers, the WAVES eight. Allied airmen in the ETO have a new "automatic lung" which doubles the time they can stay up in the stratosphere. Blood-plasma bottles furnished the Army by the Red Cross will no longer have white labels. Some medics were shot in the Pacific areas by Jap snipers because the white labels on the plasma bottles made perfect targets. The labels are now of colors to blend with the surrounding country. Regulations call for breweries to turn 15 percent of their beer over to the armed forces. Speaking of beer, brewers say there is very little difference between the 3.2 beer sold in the PX and the beer that is sold to civilians in gin mills, taverns and hotels. The civilian beer, it seems, is only 3.6, which is very little more alcohol than you get in a bottle of GI lager. German soldiers captured in Sicily don't know much about the current war news. They think Moscow has been captured and believe that New York is being bombed daily. (YANK)

GAS! GAS! Zim's HERE

The beaming corporal is I. Zimler of Hq. and Hq. (AAFCF). The corporal has just finished the NCO course in chemical warfare, and is giving a practical demonstration on the proper method of adjusting the service gas mask. For the GIs that are slow-grasping, 'Zimmy' will give you further lessons on his own time after evening chow in barracks 6129.

If you want to know how he's doing at PT Zimler said, "In a few more weeks I'll have those muscles developed."

'Zim' was a natural for selection as unit gas man since he is a native Easterner.



OBSERVING EVERYTHING THAT TAKES PLACE

by PFC Julian P. Levinson

This actually happened to Cpl. P.J. Tuttle the other day down at gate D.

It seems the Cpl. was checking the passes of the incoming passengers off the bus when a figure went fleeing by without offering any identification. On the ball, Tuttle called after the miscreant in the following manner, "Hey, soldier, come back here."

"What do you mean - 'Soldier'?" inquired an officious voice.

Surmising something wrong, P.J. turned and was blinded by a well blitzed gold bar.

"Sorry sir, if I knew you were a 2nd Lt. I wouldn't have called you a soldier." End quote -- end Tuttle.

We take exception to Mr. Morrison's verbal picture of the Hill leading down to Gate D. The artist has seen no further than his picture shows. "The great white highway carries the cars, one by one, over the Hill," Mr. Morrison says imparting an ominous tone. True, they are carried over the Hill, past the sentinel like water tower. But it is no Pied Piper leading the children blindly. It does not swallow them up—never to be seen or heard from again. The road leads past the tower - it passes many an artery of the Hill. The cars turn either to their right or left. They park somewhere and expell their passengers. These passengers, PFC Morrison, make the Hill surge - they cause the pulse beat in the heart of this camp.

Our little headaches, our touch of drama and life come from these cars... and the crackerbox shuttle. They come down again, sweaty and battered, but they come down again. And as far as we know, that water tower hasn't swallowed a one.

We have lost three of our men to presumably greener pastures, Cpl. J. Seeba, PFCs Shank and Moore have gone to Alabama. They left spotless records behind them.

The question over our way is: "Was it the cycle or the corporal that damaged the jeep?" In my opinion it was a toss-up. But if I must be pinned down, the corporal held a slight edge.

Our day room is being remodelled. It is expected to open shortly as a 1st class library and billiard parlor—not to mention a place for those round-table discussions which are held on and after payday. Mr. Frank Ferramosca replaces Mr. Andrews as manager. He will be missed by the patrons and the mess hall.

Having recently returned from a furlough, Mr. Hal C. Burnham of Detroit and SAACC, has this to say about Texas— "On second thought, it's best left unsaid."

John J. Sullivan, the Milwaukee brewer, has been kept quite busy lately. Between sweating out long distance calls to his wife, shining his wardrobe of shoes (ration board, please note) and writing lengthy letters to the little woman, he finds no time for his "So I says and then he says" soliloquies. More's the pity—we haven't heard such rustic American literature since Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt.

DIAGNOSIS OF MEDICAL MATTERS

by Cpl. Leslie Snow
and PFC John McCarthy

"BTO" (big time operator to you) Robbie and "Wolf" Slaterry are becoming permanent fixtures at the Cactus Bar. The sweeper just automatically stacks them in a corner each night.

S/Sgt. Bybee (surgical ward NCO) is now a patient in this hospital. Rumor has it that he received a twisted knee when his foot slipped from the brass bar rail at "Dog Patch." Sgt. Bronner is keeping things in line until S/Sgt. Bybee recuperates.

This week's \$64 question. Who is the ward man that was invited by some hospitable San Antonians to to spend a Saturday night with them not so long ago? This lad says that the bed was soft, the room cool, the food swell, but those solid iron bars sure made him nervous.

Many of the boys will miss the pleasant personality of 1st Lt. Sayde Rosenthal who departed for Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on Aug. 31. The best wishes of the detachment go with her.

SIMILE DEPT. As graceful as "5x5" Gorniak going over the rail on his way to chow - as breezy as Robert E. Lee's patter - as comfortable looking as Bobby "Tourist Club" Reim engaged in his favorite indoor sport, namely, bunk fatigue - as generous and good-natured as "Cookie" Ellis dishing out our daily dish of goat meat - as speedy as the "Fightin' Medics" pouring out of the dayroom for drill when the thermometer hits around 115 - as clever as "Ziggie" Smid in avoiding getting stuck with an empty water pitcher or bread plate - as bombastic as "Windy" Stone giving out with the latest feed box info on what Adolph and Tojo are planning - as cold as 1st Sgt. West's stare when one of the boys appears with that furlough gleam in his eye - as smooth as that line Sgt. Mal Quinn dishes out gratis with his prescriptions - as grateful as all of us are for those swell weekly band concerts.

Bill "Pretty Boy" Hahn is being hitched up to a lovely Chicago lass in that city on Sept. 4th. Bill is sure of the gal as the lucky miss even sent him an invitation to the wedding.



Pvt. Henry "Hank" Snyder

One of the most likeable and screwiest screwballs in the detachment. A member of the "Fightin' Medics" for 10 months now, Hank originally hailed from Gary, Indiana. The lad's a real jive addict and spends a lot of time beside the PX juke box leading the nation's hottest bands via the whirling platter.

Watch for next week's MEET A MEDIC.

BUY THEATER COUPON BOOKS!

EM INVEST \$14,349 IN 5 DAYS OF DRIVE

The enlisted men of SAACC have shelled out \$14,349 for the purchase of war bonds and stamps. This figure represents only the sales for the first five days of the campaign - from payday to Sept. 5. The total amount of war bonds and stamps sold amongst the personnel of the entire post, including officers, enlisted men, cadets and civilians, is \$57,000 in bonds, \$2,700 in stamps - making a grand total of \$59,000.

An officer who desires his name withheld led the parade with a bond purchase which ran into five figures to the left of the decimal point. With all officers not yet listed, the total will be increased greatly.

Final results will not be determined until the end of September when the bond drive will be officially over. The final total is expected to reach beyond sales of previous months by a good margin.

The following is the report of each squadron including the credits for commissioned officers attached:

326th & 348th Band - \$479.75
Cpl. R.H. Voss Jr., \$100 bond.
881st PTS - \$805.50; Major Dan Humason, four \$100 bonds, Earl M. James, \$50 bond.
29th A.T. Unit - \$520.75; Sgt. Max B. Betts, \$100 bond.

2052nd Ord. Co., - \$407.25; M/Sgt. Abraham Rosenberg, \$100 bond.
1043rd Avn. Gd. Sqdn. \$791. Bonds distributed.

883rd PTS - \$809.35; M/Sgt. Roscoe C. Liner, Charles K. Webb, Chalmers L. Christie, Robert Bozada, Gale S. Bell and Leslie Ellis - all \$50 bonds.

Hq. and Hq. Sqdn., \$1,536; Capt. Frank H. Millican, \$500 and two \$100 bonds, Major Edward Hewitt, \$500 bond, T/Sgt. Anthony Farris, \$500 bond.

Medical Detachment - \$2,830.25; Sgt. Edward Margolin, two \$100 bonds; S/Sgt. Glen Wingo, two \$75 bonds; PFC Jack Marion, \$100 bond.

509th - \$2,166.10; S/Sgt. Harper C. Thurman, \$500 bond.

882nd PTS - \$1,674.85; S/Sgt. John L. Hibler, \$500 bond; T/Sgt. S. Toney, \$100 bond; Louis A. Anzalone, \$100 bond.

29th Avn. Sqdn. - \$266; 1st Sgt. Louis D. Shaw, \$50 bond.

885th - \$685.50; T/Sgt. Delman, \$75 bond; S/Sgt. Ralph E. Houser, \$50 bond; Sgt. Stanley Maxwell, \$50.

PRU - \$98.75; Sgt. Raymond Olson, \$50 bond; T/Sgt. Ben Shimborg, \$50 bond.

993rd OM Platoon - \$14.50. Hq. and Hq., AAFCC - \$343.75;

Sgt. Rosario S. Camiglia, \$50 bond.

71st - \$168; Capt. John D. Sibley, \$100 bond.

YB ARTIST EXHIBITS ART AT MUSEUM!

If you are interested in art or portrait sketching, there are auxiliary classes in the Witte Museum, located in Brackenridge Park, where men in service can get a reduced rate. There are life classes, drawing from the nude, every Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 9:30 - tuition is one dollar a month. The instructor is Miss Cecilia N. Steinfeldt of San Antonio.

Classes for drawing and painting from portraits are also held at the Museum every Thursday evening from 7:30 to 9:30. Tuition is one dollar per month. For any further information call the Witte Museum, Cathedral 7941.

On Sunday, Sept. 12, there will be a one-man exhibition of black and white drawings of the YB artist, PFC

PROUD PARENTS HERE DISPLAY A SON, D.M. DE LAY

YARDBIRD has long believed that GI daddies have it all over the other kinds (pre-Pearl Harbors, non-GI, and just plain pops) and has decided to do something about it.



The young man who looks as though he had eaten all the cherries that life is a bowl of and then climbed in and made himself comfortable is Douglas Maurice DeLay. The 5½ month old fellow is the scion of T/Sgt. and Mrs. Maurice DeLay.

VITAL STATISTICS: Age-5½ months. Weight-21 pounds. Eyes-brown. Hair-blond. Disposition-see for yourself.

The expression on his face and the way his left hand is poised, seems to indicate that everything is Jake with Doug.

T/Sgt. DeLay is NCO in charge of the Photo Lab at SAACC.

TOP OUR QUOTA--BUY BONDS!

What we propose to do is to present the real evidence, the bare facts. Each week we will print, without charge, the likeness of some SAACC GI--in the form of his darling daughter or sweet son.

In this column, GI daddies are urged and even prodded to give us the following dope: can he cook and does daughter throw things on the floor. Is it the living image of daddy or mother. We promise to print all this.

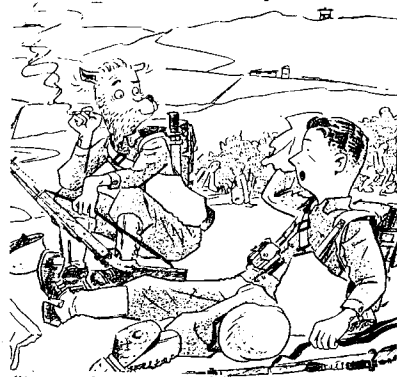
All you have to do to put the family on paper is to get a good photograph of your baby (negative preferred), write up a little about this wonder's activities, and send the results to the YARDBIRD office, Bldg. 1018 (next to the firehouse), or call ext. 2105.

Karl R. Morrison of the 881st. This exhibit is open to the public for two weeks. PFC Morrison's drawings are done on a specially prepared drawing board called scratch board. This type of work gives results which closely resembles the wood engraving print. THE ARTIST SEES is an example of what scratch board looks like in black.

WACs HUSBANDS MUST WORK!

Civilian husbands of WACs are not entitled to the 50 bucks a month allowance which civilian wives of soldiers get, says the Office of Dependency Benefits. The matter came up recently when a 39-year-old Texan wrote the ODB asking for a family allowance based on the service of his wife in the WAC. The answer was 'no.' The ODB will pay off in cases of WACs who have dependent children, mothers, brothers or sisters, but husbands are out.

The Wolf by Sansone



"I can think of much
pleasanter things to do!"

Sports

By s/sgt. Bill Morgan



SAACC NIPS STINSON 5-3 AND TAKES OVER FOURTH PLACE AS JOHNSON PITCHES;

Scott of Stinson and Johnson of SAACC both were "in the groove" this afternoon as they met on the mound and both teams were jittery during the first three innings, which made both pitchers work harder than they would have ordinarily. SAACC batters backed up the fielding bobbles and sent five runs over the plate, which was enough to win.

SAACC broke the ice in the second when Wilber walked, stole second and went to third on a bad throw. Pluss promptly tripled to the left field fence, 400 feet away, Wilber scoring in a breeze. Stinson came back in their half of the inning and scored three times when Ewanski walked, and McNeill was safe on a fielders choice and runners reached second and third. Reynolds then tripled to center, and scored a moment later on a squeeze bunt by Dunsmore.

SAACC got back in the game in the fourth when Wilber was hit by the pitcher, Pluss singled and Finfrock singled home Wilber. Pluss scored on an error by McNeill, knotting the count at 3-3.

Slaughter walked in the fifth and was sacrificed to second. Pluss was safe on an error, Slaughter taking third. Pluss stole second and Slaughter romped home. Wilber drove in his 100th run in the eighth. With Pluss on third, Wilber fouled one almost on the road which was caught by the Stinson third sacker, and Pluss came in easily after the catch.

SAACC	AB	R	H
Cooper	1b	6	0
Scheske	cf	3	1
Cox	ss	3	0
Slaughter	rf	3	1
Wilber	c	2	2
Pluss	lf	5	1
F. Ducos	3b	4	0
Finfrock	2b	5	0
Johnson	p	2	0
Totals		33	5

STINSON	AB	R	H
Connor	cf	3	0
Benson	rf	4	0
Kaminski	ss	4	0
Witte	1b	4	0
Ewanski	3b	3	1
McNeill	2b	4	1
Reynolds	lf	2	1
Dunsmore	2b	1	0
Scott	p	2	0
Gibson	p	1	0
* Capp		1	0
Totals		29	3

* Batted for Reynolds in 9th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
SAACC	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	5	6	3
STINSON	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3

Johnson and Wilber, Scott Gibson and Dunsmore.

SERVICE LEAGUE STANDINGS.

	Won	Lost
Randolph	48	15
Stinson Field	40	24
* Brooks Field	38	24
Cadet Center	38	25
* Hondo	36	26
War Workers	20	43
Kelly Field	17	46
Normoyle	14	49

* Does not include Monday's game.

THIS IS IT

SAACC 14 WAR WORKERS 1

War Workers	AB	R	H
Charpentier	ss	1	0
Epps	ss	3	0
Poppe	2b	4	0
Cortinas	lf	4	0
Livingston	3b	4	1
Naranjo	c	3	0
Carter	cf	3	0
Engle	lb-rf	3	0
Johnson	rf-p	3	0
Rocamontes	p	3	0
Totals		31	1

SAACC

Cooper	1b	6	3	2
Scheske	cf	5	1	0
Cox	ss	5	1	4
Slaughter	rf	5	1	3
Wilber	c	5	1	2
Pluss	lf	6	1	2
F. Ducos	3b	4	1	1
Finfrock	2b	5	2	2
J. Ducos	2b	0	0	0
Colosky	p	1	0	0
Hendrix	p	1	3	1
Mulligan	p	1	0	0
O'Neill	c	0	0	0
		49	14	17

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
War Workers	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5
SAACC	4	0	0	2	3	5	0	0	X	14	17	4

SHAUGHNESSY PLAY-OFFS POSTPONED BECAUSE OF WEATHER & PROTESTED GAME

With the season ending officially Friday, Sept. 3, and the fourth spot still a toss up between the Cadet Center and Hondo Navigation School, the weather man stepped in and tossed a couple of good heavy rains, postponing all four games on the final day of the season. On top of that, the President of the Service League upheld Stinson's protest of a misinterpretation of the rules by the umpires in the Hondo game, and the game must be replayed Sunday at Hondo.

So, the books read SAACC in fourth place by 3 game, with one more to play, while Hondo has two games to play, one each with Brooks and Stinson.

The play resulting in the protested Hondo-Stinson game occurred in the fourth inning, without a score on either side. Hondo had two men on base, with one out, and the next batter topped one down the first base line and in running to first, kicked the ball. The umpire called the batter out for interference, which made it a dead ball play, though he allowed the base runners to advance to third and second respectively, which was definitely not in keeping with the rules. Then the next batter singled home both runners, giving Hondo the two runs necessary to win the game, 2-1.

The positions involving Brooks, Stinson, SAACC, and Hondo at present are such that wins and losses coupled in the right places, would only serve to tie up the positions even tighter. It is possible that at the end of the season Sunday, that a four way tie might very easily result though highly improbable. Normoyle would have to defeat Stinson, which isn't likely, and Hondo would have to win from both Brooks and Stinson, while the Cadet Center would have to beat the Kelly War Workers.

In the event of a four way tie, a round robin would have to be played by the four teams to eliminate the low team, and might postpone the playoffs for as much as another week or ten days.

While Randolph is sitting on top of the pack, safe for the present and resting for the series, it will be a case of dog-eat-dog from here on out—and even in the series, the fans can look forward to plenty of excitement, plus the usual arguments, for the teams will neither be giving quarter or asking any.



CAMERA CATCHES ENOS SLAUGHTER SWINGING

THE 881ST DINES AT 'STEVES'

Sixty-three men of the 881st PTS had one of their usual good times on the 1st of September. It was the day after payday and all felt somewhat flush—causing them to feel fine to gratify their tastes.

The affair was an Italian dinner at which Italian salad, spaghetti ravioli, and other dishes were served. El Vino (dry wine) was also available for those whose tastes leaned that way—besides a free and open flow of 3.2.

The place was "Steve's" on the old Castoville Road near Pablo.

The men brought their wives and lady friends, all of whom fell into the sort of spirit which makes one feel that the U.S.A. is really the grandest place in which to live.

Entertainment was furnished by borrowed talent: M.C. being Sgt. Charley Foll with his wife as pianist, Sgt. Bobby Freeman and Andy Gainey, former Aviation Cadet. Sgt.

Freeman delivered in his warm inspiring form, singing songs which made these boys wish for a fireplace while they listened.

Andy Gainey sang in his usual classical manner causing ah's and oh's from his audience. Gainey also lead the group singing in which all present joined openly and loudly. Master of Ceremonies Sgt. Foll told tales convincingly and impressively. All attending should long remember this party. Mrs. Foll can really tickle those piano keys—ask Maj. Humason.

After eating, singing, and story-telling, there was dancing. All those who could, did dance—in spite of many having eaten their fill and many to their discomfort.



BATTLING TO FINISH

Photo No. 1 Seated in rear, facing camera, left to right: Mrs. Sullivan; Mrs. Shirley Squar; Sgt. Norman Aborn; Miss Della Mae Gulman. Back to camera, left to right: Sgt. Barney Squar; T/Sgt. Frank A. Lapetina; Sgt. Louis P. Poulos; Mrs. and S/Sgt. Jack W. Schlichenmayer.

THE THREE LONG MUSKETEERS!

Photo No. 2 Left to right: S/Sgt. Jack W. Schlichenmaier; Cpl. Walter J. Boandl; Sgt. Charles A. Kilpatrick.

BOBBIE FREEMAN TAKES A BOW!

Photo No. 3 Left to right: T/Sgt. George W. Seibert; Miss Aliene Pehl; Sgt. Robert H. Freeman.

CAPTAIN ORLOV CHARMED!

Photo No. 4 Front (facing camera) left to right: Mrs. Harry A. Miller; Captain Lawrence Orlov; Cpl. Walter J. Boandl; Miss Maurine Wright; Miss Erlene Krieg; Mrs. and Sgt. Richard A. Spencer. Rear (left to right) Sgt. and Mrs. Harold F. Alley; Mrs. and S/Sgt. John J. Hurley; S/Sgt. Harry A. Miller; Mrs. and 1st Sgt. Wayne M. Klipping; Sgt. and Mrs. Gordon E. Roberts; Mrs. and Sgt. David P. Hurley.

THE MAJOR 'SATED.'

Photo No. 5 Foreground: Major and Mrs. Dan W. Humason. Rear seated, left to right: Sgt. and Mrs. Julius Lessner; S/Sgt. and Mrs. Jack W. Schlichenmayer. Rear standing,

left to right: Cpl. Arthur London; waitress; Sgt. Barney Squar.

SERIOUS 'CONTENTERS!'

Photo No. 6 Facing camera, left to right: Miss Evelyn Ashley; S/Sgt. and Mrs. Harry A. Miller; Cpl. and Mrs. Arthur London; Sgt. and Mrs. Harold F. Alley; S/Sgt. and Mrs. John J. Hurley; Mrs. Arlene Klipping. Back to camera, left to right: Mrs. Richard A. Spencer; Captain Lawrence Orlov; Sgt. and Mrs. Gordon E. Roberts.

COOKS WERE OUTDONE!

Photo No. 7 Left to right: Sgt. Robert H. Freeman; Miss Vivian E. Phelps; T/Sgt. Edward G. Hable; Miss Patricia Toothacher; Miss Prairie Ferrara.

DOG TAGS

By J. P. Levinson

Cpl. Theodore J. Kledzik of the 1043rd Guard Squadron is the soldier who throws that snappy high-ball to every officer who passes the gate. The corporal came to SAACC in Sept. 1942 in search of his wings and one month later found him tending the pre-historic gates that led to the inner sanctum from which he had been barred. He was disappointed. He had left Victoria Field where he had been looking towards the needs of AT-6As and found himself remote from flying. But he took it gracefully and soldierly—no chaplain's shoulder did he seek—no barracks room orator did he become—denouncing the Army classification system and the luck that followed him. His new assignment was an order and he obeyed that order.



Perhaps you've seen him on duty as you passed through the gates? His Lincolnish features are hard beneath the sun helmet he wears on duty—but his eyes and mind have tempered 25 years of knowledge into fair logic. The leather of his harness shines and his brass would make a West Pointer go green with envy. But the most outstanding feature of his military bearing is his salute.

It flashes in the noonday sun, it cuts the night in two. Fingers extended and joined, the arm at the proper angle. In nothing flat it's up there and the next instant, it is down at the corporal's side as his heels click to the echo.

And when it has been fully executed, Sir, you've been saluted. One night when Cpl. Kledzik worked the same gate, an officer drove up and after the military courtesy had been completed, he stopped and said, "I've been on a lot of army posts and have seen a lot of MPs, but you're the smartest one I have ever seen."

His commendations do not end there. Col. Robert Y. Mills wrote a letter commending Kledzik to the CO. Officers point him out to their guests, both military and civilian—not as an amusement, but as a SOLDIER!!!

In December, Kledzik will be 2/3rds on his way to his first hashmark. He still wants to get back to working on airplanes, but he would like to join his brother who is "Down Under." But regardless of what the future holds, and no matter what his future assignments will be, he will carry on as he has been, smart and alert.

The Inquiring REPORTER

Last week marked the fourth year of the War. With that in view, our INQUIRING AND PERSPIRING REPORTER gathered what the GI thought of the progress of the war and what he was doing four years ago and what plans he had had for the future at that time.

1st Sgt. R.E. Jones, Hq. and Hq. Sq., AAFCC:

"Four years ago I was a stock clerk in a wholesale automobile company located in the home town—Lexington, Kentucky." Sgt. Jones didn't think much about war four years ago. That was about the time Germany was invading Austria. He wanted to apply for OCS but later he realized being a "top-kick" was a better deal for him.

When will the war be over?—"Well," said Jones, "I hope to be in Kentucky with my other three brothers who are also in the Army by Christmas of '44."

Cpl. George Dippold, 1043rd Aviation Guard Squadron:

Four years ago "Dip" was studying languages and history in the Syracuse University, New York.

"Being short of funds I took a job in the Onandaga Savings Bank as a teller. Did I make money!"

"I got in the Army a year ago, and I really like my job. Plenty of women pass all day. Of course, it's strictly business with me. Only talk in the line of duty."

About the U.S. entering the war—I thought we'd enter it sooner than we did. Now that we're in, who knows when we'll get out.

M/Sgt. Louis Ruhmann, Hq. and Hq. Sq., AAFCC:

Lou thought we would enter the war before we did, and he hadn't thought too much about Japan. Germany was the only trouble maker.

"No, I wouldn't make an attempt to guess when the war will be over."

After spending four years at Texas A & M of business administration or campusology, I worked with a construction engineer corporation keeping statistics on cost, operation and maintenance of heavy machinery. In 1940 I was called into the Army, being a platoon sergeant in the Texas National Guard."

BETTY ANN GIVES

Miss Betty Ann Elmendorf, a civilian employee at the motor pool wrote a short ryme exclusively for YB in the difference (socially) between a gadget and a GI Joe.

You asked me a question, not very long ago,

What's the diff 'twixt Gadget and GI Joe?

The Gadget's mind is in the sky
As he struts so slowly pace,
And near the end of each open post,
He's flat upon his face.

He has to take PT and drill, not to mention code.

And does he think that's rough when he wants romance a la mode!!

Of course the GI has to pull O's duties,

While Bill Cadet is out reviewing those alleged Texas Beauties.

The men themselves, they're all the same,

Call him Wolf, call him Joe,
He'll still whistle at a dame.

We asked Lou to compare the Army of 1940 and the one of today, and he replied, "The Army has expanded so much since 1940 in equipment, men and supplies, that there is no comparison that can be made."

WO (JG) William Duke, Adj. Hq. and Hq. Sq., AAFCC:

"Back in 1939 I was in Fort Benning, Georgia driving a tank—a corporal in Co. D, 68th Inf. Div." said Mr. William Duke.

"Naturally, all we talked about was when we were going to get into the war. To me the Japs were in the background. No one suspected the treachery of Pearl Harbor."

When Mr. Duke was asked of his future plans after the war, he said, "The Army is and will be my career. When everything goes back to pre-war status, I have my permanent grade of first-sergeant in the Air Corps."

Sgt. Benny Bregman, Hq. and Hq. Sq., AAFCC:

"Chicago was and will be my city. Four years ago the lucky concern was Boston's Dept. Store, where I worked," so said Ben, the happy-go-lucky mailman of Hq. Sq.

Ben's guess as to when he returns to Chi a civvy is at the end of '44. In fact Ben said, "it had better be a white XMAS, too."

As to how Ben likes the Army, he replied, "I like the organization and Travis Park."

Pvt. Joseph Ascoli, 509th Sq.:

"Four years ago I was working as a shipping clerk in Kearney, N.J. At that time I hadn't thought much about this country actually being in the war. The idea of military life didn't appeal to me then. Now I guess I like it as well as can be expected."

Cpl. Bob Baylor, Hq. and Hq. Sq.,

"In contemplation of any query as absolved from the concrete of the aforementioned. In fact practically resonant with indeterminacy, I must be indulged in an iota of rumination—I regard the military forces with conglomerate emotions running from antipathy to blithe acceptance."

Cpl. Gerald Stryker, 509th Sq.:

"Four years ago I hadn't given much thought to a military life. I didn't ever expect to join the Army then. At the time I was attending sheet metal school. What am I doing now? I work in the post photo lab."

An unknown KP at the mess hall:

"Scram buddy! My opinions on military life aren't fit to print in any paper."



Undoubtedly you've whistled when this blue-eyed cute 5'3" blonde pattered in a jeep.

Overheard in the 882nd

Prime Minister Churchill said some time ago that the Second Front would be here before the leaves of Autumn fall. This isn't exactly what he meant. This is just an added attraction. The writers pledge to maintain this front if it takes the duration and six, so look for us every week. Thank you, we're glad to meet you too!

1st Sgt. Mitchmore lost 8 ration somewhere on the morning report. Finder please return. (Tucker, quit looking, we're only kidding.)

"The biggest smile in this man's army" award for the month goes to T/Sgt. T.S. Toney. His only complaint: "Clarksdale was never like this."

"Deacon" Harrison, (Army Mail Clerk 056 S-8k) is conspicuous by his absence. The resounding lack of noise is unfamiliar but definitely welcome. At present enjoying a brief respite from the everlasting questions hurled at him by those he has dubbed "Mail Hounds," he is famous for his quotation: "Who d'ya tink I yam, da Adjutant Genril?!"

WE SIMPLY LOVE OUR PT INSTRUCTORS! Need some cannon-fodder, Winnie old boy?

Wise old Rosie Humphreys, counsellor supreme and advisor deluxe for members of this dear old unit, has a unique method of testing the strength of his new cane. S/Sgt. Grefe, a PT instructor (Bah!) and 6'3" obligingly lowers his cranium to a point where it can be thoroughly bashed with some heavy instrument such as Rosie's cane. If the cane is injured, Rosie knows he has been tricked. No, my boy, nothing happens to Grefe's head. You see, all PT men must have extremely thick craniums to qualify as instructors.

The writers, who are also WAR BOND salesmen during the current drive, wish to thank their fellow soldiers for the whole hearted and totally unprovoked cooperation offered during the sale. As a result of this fine spirit, the 882nd has compiled an excellent record on the hill. S/Sgts. Anzalone and Livingston were dangerously close to being trampled to death by the rush to buy War Bonds. No talk, no coercion, no encouragement was necessary to see 1 \$2,250.00 worth of bonds and stamps.

A BUCKER-POINT TO:

S/Sgt. Farance, high scorer on the rifle range: 175. Pvt. "Buddy" Parks for keepin' 'em mowed. (our lawn). Pvt. "Rosie" Humphreys for his human interest gatherings held nightly on the lawn in front of the orderly room. Better than a movie, he'll keep you spell-bound for hours.



THESE EAGERS ALERTED!

Reading from home plate and going around the bases are: Cpl. John Mikuliak, Cpl. Dick Lyon, Cpl. 'Legs' Foster, and PFC Jack Van Hoesen; Hq. & Hq. (AAFFCC) Dramatic example of what happens to men who don't wear their gas masks on alert day. The quartet is enjoying a 10 minute break from an enforced hour of close order drill.

They look happy but that's deceiving; especially what Dick Lyon said. Of course I won't repeat just what it was he said but you can guess. Van enjoyed the close order 'Works up a good sweat.' And Foster, what are you going to jump at, the camera?

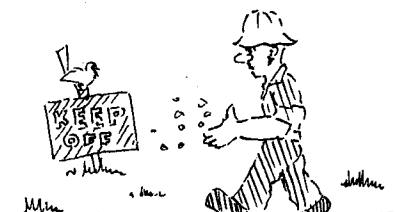
MINUS ONE BUCKER-POINT TO:

S/Sgt. Wiley, low scorer on the rifle range: 4. The way he shoots, someone might take him for a PT instructor.

S/Sgt. Murdaugh, for his constantly raunchy appearance at each Saturday morning inspection. (P.S. Livingston wrote that one.)

Now it's an understandable thing when it happens to a lowly private but when a tech sergeant with 6 years service gets caught, that's news. Tell us that story about how an MP took up your pass again, Adams, it's very interesting and amusing, but horribly unbelievable! We'll take your word for it though, since there's nothing else we can do about it.

A certain Brooklynite in this squadron just cannot understand how it happens that one day a bunch of men can drop a few wads of grass here and there over the squadron area and the next month there's a lawn. "Are you sure that stuff will grow in Brooklyn, Rosie?"

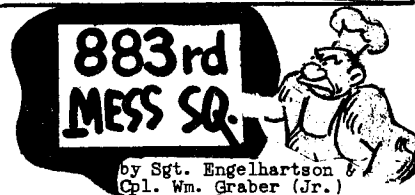


Cpl. Myers has just returned from furlough, and he brought back with him, of all things, a 16 cylinder bright red Packard. It is understood that the members of this squadron are now forming a "My Very Good Friend Myers" club.

"Beebe-Eyes" Fitzgerald of this organization may well be called the Errol Flynn of this organization. Female of all ages flock to our little Beebe.

So long, men. Mind your KPs and Cds.

By S/Sgt. Sherman Livingston



by Sgt. Engelhartson
Cpl. Wm. Graber (Jr.)

Introducing the 883rd, re-activated, so to speak, Aug. 11th, 1943. Under the capable leadership of our Commanding Officer, Maj. Cordell, Adjutant, 1st Lt. Odland, and 1st Sgt. Nance, we expect to become the foremost squadron on the field. And we feel we are off to a good start.

Lt. Odland is an old GI who fought his way up the steep climb to his commission. Sgt. Nance is also a man with a long army background having spent seven hard years to make his grade.

So now that the Post's toasted sons have finally come to the place we can call home, we will show all and sundry that we have been on the ball, although entirely unnoticed heretofore.

Bouquets to those guys who made those well deserved ratings. Brickbats to the lucky gent who have left this land of prickly pear and prickly heat for a two weeks' vacation.

Cpl. Lindbloom went home with a box of candy under his arm the day he learned his furlough was shoved back a week. Who did he say wore the pants in his family?

Isn't it too bad that some people have birthdays so near the end of the month!! Cpl. Casey had to borrow a few bucks in order to celebrate.

Did you ever taste Pvt. McCall's new concoction of grape juice, orange and actex, the floor soap. Delicieux!!!

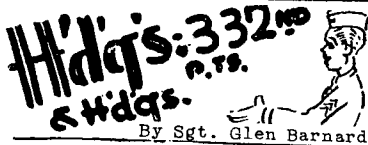
Gross and Winters: Let's not be "chizzeling" things from other mess halls.

Happy Messing, boys!!

PRIVATE JOE BLOW

by PVT. MERWIN MILLER





By Sgt. Glen Barnard

Our two boys who know how to handle figures — S/Sgt. Goodwin and Sgt. Ede — returned from furlough the other day with a bang and a barter. It sorta looks as if S/Sgt. Goodwin got that way over his vehicle which he drove so many miles to add to the collection of mechanization already assembled for the isolated 332nd. It has bothered us to know why Goodwin immediately went "ranching" his first weekend back from furlough.

Incidentally, there are probably more cars per man in the 332nd than in any other squadron. Car pool service has been mentioned as a means of overcoming the problems of congested parking current on the Preflight Headquarters parking lot, with a slight charge being made on the few squadron members who as yet have no vehicles — men like S/Sgt. Fairchild, Cpl. Mathews, S/Sgt. Adams (editor's note: This statement is in error since S/Sgt. Adams, chief of Message Center, now has a vehicle assigned to him) Sgt. Allen, S/Sgt. Lindlad, T/Sgt. Daniels, and all the rest of the squadron men who only ride down to lunch but live in town.

Seriously, we are glad to know that 1st Sgt. Sterling's young offspring is well on his way to recovery. It just seems the boy is much better than the horse, in every way.

Sgt. Henry Stern is now grooming himself as company clerk. Stern should know his forms, he says, because that's all he has been working

with since he's been in preflight. Good luck, Henry.

By the time of this publication we may have lost our men who were recommended for discharge. Leastwise, we know they are on their way. Certain of them, namely, Cpl. Schulze and S/Sgt. Olson, have been "sweating it out" long enough. It seems they have worked themselves into their present conditions since word was first distributed that limited service men might be discharged.

A good job for Sgt. Yates (now that they don't have mail rooms any more) would be testing bunks for bunk fatigue. And Pvt. Mason wants to be a gas warden. Sgt. Merkels prefers office work to the supply room. Sgt. Barton, a good Texan, really ought to be discharged but they got him on general duty. (Texans don't want discharges, though, while the northern boys love them). What happened to all our privates since last promotion?

Pvt. Peter Peephole warns Sgt. Sterling not to grouse about YB publicity or it will get worse. The press takes care of its own. Cpl. Hester, squadron superman by PT testing, will be off to cadets ere this hits the eye. The squadron would sell a lot more bonds if Sgt. Honan would get on the ball and exert some of his famous salesmanship on the men. (You can do it, Honan.) NOTE: S/Sgt. Eaton took a bath for payday.

Quite a few men in this outfit are thinking about moving back on the Post.

Suggestions for a squadron party have simmered down to this: Chicks for those who can, and beer for those who can't—and enough beer for those who can't so it won't make any difference.

flying from the orderly room. Yes, sir, it will be designed by the Walt Disney Productions. It may take a bit of time, but we will have one.

Wonder who is behind the movement keeping SAACC from attending the Fort Sam Houston Show. Sure is tough on married men who can't bring their wives to SAACC shows.

Sgt. Reznor back from a three day pass during which time he consumed large quantities of beer. He thinks it will take about three more days to get him into working shape.

Sgt. Rivers celebrating another milestone at Schilo's, hoisting a beer for each year and boys that was plenty (23).

Well, I guess this is about all for this time and with that I will close with lotions of TS tickets, your 881st correspondent Twalter Twitchell.



hoffman.

photoLab Clix

by S/Sgt. William Shyrook

Since the three boys came back from Lowry a few weeks ago I've noticed that we now have another "man-with-the-seegar" about the establishment, Cpl. Zawadzki by name. Speaking of those three again, have you heard about the "beautiful gabardine outfit" that Rech "tried" to wear about Denver? Didn't last long, did it chum? By the way Daddy Rech, when can we expect the cigars?

Somebody happened to be trying to meet a train at the S.P. station the other nite and said that he was having a good deal of difficulty because of the rapidly changing time of arrival, which, at the end of this story was 11:55 PM. The point is that He Wasn't Alone, "J.D." Haler was there too!! "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean".....

One of the lads about the post asked me the other day if Miles had been sick lately. "Nooo," I answered, "But he did receive a wire from his fiancée saying she'd be here Saturday, the 4th."

There's another man (?) who loaf around here that is to be "I do'in" pretty soon too. Can't reveal his handle tho, it's one of those secret deals. (Maybe in the next edition.)

The "King of the enlarging rooms" or the "guy with the shimmering WINGS" is losing one this week to Austin. But does he care? Nooo, he's got a red-head too!! What an EG!

Cpl. W. Soffian is reported to have enjoyed a delightful two days of KP topped off by a session of "bang, bang" with his little '03 the following day. And then he had a date that same nite!! Who said we don't have MEN around here??

There's a big 'ol Texan who's in charge of something around this place. Name's Felder, S/Sgt. Felder as of the 1st!! (and the crowd cheered).

We have a little competition around here called the picture of the week. This week a very quiet but capable fellow from N.Y. State grabbed all the honors. Every time a traveling show like the one of Monday a week ago, hit this place, this lad is right there (camera in hand) to get some "rare" angle shots. Now I've heard from others that when this subtle lad is in there getting "set-up," that he drools and whines in the most canine of fashions. Then, after much of this gnashing of teeth and sharp looks at any little bit of competition which might present itself, our hero braces himself for the kill as he leans forward, holds his breath, and then squeezes slowly and surely, so he's positive he's exposed his subject quite well enuf. Then he relaxes, leans backward and utters a cry (a cry that made a man who had pulled some time in Alaska feel at home again), oowwooooo. This week Auburn stayed away from his usual "leg-shots", or "personality-shots" and produced only "busts." Drop around the lab and take a look men. We guarantee you'll see the next show that hits the place.

They tell me that D.L. Bey has something in S.A. I'll have to find out more about that and give you the details in the next publication. (Get that last word??) More later.

WD THEATER BOOKS SAVE
YOU MONEY!
10 THEATER TICKETS FOR
\$1.20.

881 CHATTER

by S/Sgt. Jack Schlichenmayer

Have you heard the latest? Sgt. McCabe has the promise from the Spicer Cleaners to put his new son to work within the next week. Young McCabe is sweating out a social security card.

If your bed buddy is missing, you can stop worrying. He is not AWOL. This will help you locate him. Sgt. Pelekoudas has changed his address to Marshalltown Jr. College, Marshalltown, Iowa. T/Sgt. Casto now resides at the University of Wisconsin, Racine, Wisc. Sgt. Nadieck has taken over at the Sparton Air Craft Co. Tulsa, Okla. Sgt. Chase is now at Coffeyville Jr. College, Coffeyville, Kans. Sgt. Scarpitti's new home is Hibbing Jr. College, Hibbing, Minn. While Sgt. Doran takes up at Little Rock Jr. College, Little Rock, Ark. Cpl. Stern remains in the little State of Texas, he less fortunate, he is stationed at Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas.

By the way, Joe Promisloff, this is a little warning. You had better stay on the ball. You are being watched.

Sgt. Protz, how is the kindergarten coming along these days? You had better keep the little devils putting that grass or...well...you know what will happen.

Sgt. Martin putting on an exhibition of fancy diving for the cadets. Every time he hit the water the pool raised about two feet and flooded the banks.

This will advise that the 881st is about to have its own insignia

993rd Q.M. PLATOON

Monday, August 30th became the day for Pvt. Henry Robinson who left the Army to become that little man we so often talk about (JODY).

Pvt. Robinson having completed about 18 months of service now finds that he is unable to perform his daily duties, therefore he decided that he would be a better (JODY) than he is a soldier and so he requested a discharge which was granted him in a very short time.

Robinson went shopping in San Antonio to try and find himself one of those famous zoot suits but it seems to be impossible to find a zoot suit in town due to the fact that, besides the Army, the town is also occupied by civilians.

Pvt. Robinson is a native of Orlando, Florida, but plans to make his home in the good old city of Philadelphia, Pa., unless he finds the winter is too cold for him. Good luck, pal! I am sure that your presence will be missed by all—even if it isn't until payday that you are so faithful in dealing seconds during a poker game.

With the coming of a new month, several of the fellows are looking forward to a few days off from duty to spend their time and money roaming around the country in search of a little happiness with their loved ones. Among those that are expecting to leave are: T/5th W. Taplin, PFCs N. Williams, C. Phillips, W.A. Lendon, J. Thomas, and last but not least our old pal PFC Otha Williams.

PFC Otha Williams has been going around all week trying to sing: GOING TO CHICAGO. OK, pal, take a tip from a friend. You are going to heaven on earth but don't fall in love with it and forget to return to San Antonio when your time is up or you will be singing a different song.

Sept. 15th will be a sad day for most of the fellows on the Hill due to the fact that they will have to leave a bit earlier—returning to the abode which Uncle Sam so willingly provided for the purpose of sheltering his little nephews. Men, it is a tough break. You have my deepest sympathy, but please don't come in expecting to cry on my shoulder. I have been going to sleep for quite a while without my baby and I am sure that you can do likewise.

OK YARDBIRDS, until next time this is the little man that sees all and tells nothing, slowly but surely melting away with the heat.

Contributors for this week:

Cpls. Sam Jenkins, Davis Parker and Pvt. H. Hines.

LICK WAR STAMPS AND HELP
LICK THE AXIS!



THE ARTIST SEES

By Pvt. Karl Morrison

KP duty: up at 0530 for a drowsy start, the duties are various and sundry. The day wears away slowly. How we love this! Ugh!

KP duty: grease and steam—what a combination. Hundreds of trays, bushels of cucumbers to denude. Who likes cucumbers anyway? Millions of radishes to deleaf. Is there no end of things to do?

Will evening never get here? Why don't they lock the doors? Oh, my GI back!

A breathing spell. A short rest. Rest the dogs. Sit in a shady spot. Oh, Oh—on your feet—here comes the mess Sgt.

Ahhh—Doors are closed. A final spurt. Work is stopped.

FORWARD MARCH!



Here are more of the contingent of men that had followed the advice of some goldbrick on how to wear the gas mask. Doing close order, from left to right are: PFC Donovan Demsey, Pvt. Howard Hanlen, Cpl. Rueben Glasman, Sgt. Hilding Wickland, S/Sgt. Marvin Lynn and Cpl. Twiford. These men are from Hq. and Hq. Sq., AAFCC.



by S/Sgt. Herman C. Riley

Everything has remained peaceful and quiet around the 71st this week. Forty-seven percent of the Squadron are already carrying Class B Allotments for the purchase of War Bonds. A total of \$167.00 was collected through the Squadron Bond drive on Aug. 31st. Capt. Sibley backed this drive to the limits by purchasing a \$100. bond through the Squadron also. The next largest purchase by cash was a \$25. bond by Sgt. John Wilson. Notwithstanding several men are already carrying Class B Allotments to the amount of \$18.75 deductions.

Only seven men were allowed to go on furlough this period. We will be proud when everyone has completed Basic Training so our percentage can be raised to eight percent of the strength again.

The number in the hospital has not been higher than seven at any time this month and as low as three.

PFCs Wade and Odom have returned from furloughing back home. PFC Casey, Booker, Brown, PFCs Clark, Pinchback and Talbott all left for fifteen day furloughs.

Pvt. John H. Johnson advanced to PFC. He is alleged to be having complications with a little dame in San Antonio: "Then he must be one of the boys," according to Scates. Strange as it may seem, Scates usually helps to close the PX in the afternoon. Although Scates enjoys the luxury of those gracious smiles from that little waitress at the tobacco and candy counter when he is there, Scates claims that a certain supply clerk helps him out when he is absent. Well it seems that Pvt. Willie B. Rushing is on the loose again, on the loose again where the grass don't grow and the springs don't flow. He is a good sport—he is at least still trying.

Our squadron has already felt the need of our 1st Sgt. Straw even though he has not departed as yet.

Everyone is urged to visit the newly opened library and to read as often as possible. Someone has well said, "Reading makes a ready man."



By Camp Newspaper Service

Pinup gal Betty Grable, who married pinup boy Harry James last July 5, says she is going to have a baby next spring. It looks as though the two pinups are going to have some three-cornered underwear to pinup.

Male Call

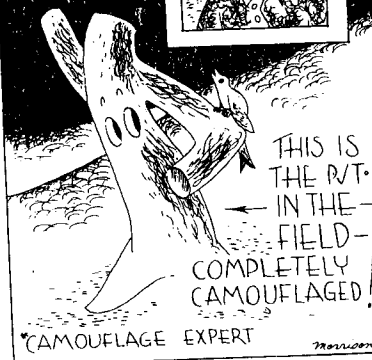
by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



Go West, Young Man

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INTRODUCING:
P/T R-U-THAR, CX



PFC SIDNEY HARPER GOES SWIMMING



Headquarters Squadron, SAACC, scores again.

continued in center column

REFLECTIONS OF A YANKEE IN TEXAS

by PFC Jack Lewis

In today's column, this damnyankee is going to try his hand at some light verse.

The following was conceived while listening to a radio broadcast consisting entirely of Texas songs.

The following is submitted with apologies to whoever might claim title to the original verse.

Send me somewhere north of Jersey,
Where a million means blink:
Where the horizons full of buildings
And a man can buy mixed drinks.

Where there ain't no open spaces,
And the antelope don't play:
Where there's lots of drinking
places,

And it rains most everyday.

There aren't any big bright stars,
Or any sage in bloom:
And you can't hear any cowhands
Singing melancholy tunes.

You don't hear the coyotes yell,
The subway drowns them out:
The moon don't cast no magic spell,
Of this I have no doubt.

Back to the hoity goity,
Where the buffalo don't roam:
The air is foul and dirty, but -
Boy! - That's what I call HOME!

Always out in front, Hq. and
Hq. Sq. took the lead last week when
PFC Sidney E. Harper, 6287371, be-
came the first and only enlisted man
to enter the great, rain-pure pool
near the SAACC main gate.

Anticipating the opening,
Harper obtained permission from his
1st Sgt., Lewis Sterling, and is
shown here at the end of the play
period.

He has already tried the diving
boards, pictured in rear, done a bit
of underwater war-time swimming, and
is now wondering where all the other
fellows are. You can't have much
fun alone.

Anyway, Harper made history at
SAACC. Next day the pool was closed.



Why Men FIGHT

by Pvt. Bill Farber

At last we know the answer! A recent study by a distinguished committee of the National Research Council concludes that while lower animals may fight because, as beasts of prey, they live by killing and devouring, or fight their own kind of tussle over a mate, the modern soldier fights for a variety of reasons. The committee's findings are contained in a volume entitled, "Psychology for the Fighting Man," which is being run as a series of articles in the Infantry Journal, available at the library.

In the section on "Why Men Fight" we discover that while many are "carried away" by mass suggestion - as the waving of flags and the beating of drums, that this has not been important in the present war. War hysteria has been almost non-existent although recruiting after Pearl Harbor followed this pattern somewhat. The spirit of adventure, combativeness, and self glory are possible motives. The committee even lists "unconsciously trying to relieve a grouch," and unemployment as factors. Some soldiers have been driven into the Army by what the girl friend thinks of him. Other reasons are a "feeling of oneness" with the nation, "acting out faith in democracy," and a "spirit of sacrifice."

The committee notes that at the front a man may fight simply because there is nothing else to do. When you are being shot at, well, you just fight back. Then it's not why but how you fight that counts.

The Committee observes: "It is important for officers and enlisted men alike to understand the war aims of the nation and become convinced that these aims are in harmony with their own ideals. A dim outline of a better world to be achieved by supreme effort has the power to call forth the last resources of the fighting man."

THE FIGHTING SOLDIER

Or A Classification Clerk's Lament

Deep in the heart of Texas, down near Mexico,
I am serving my enlistment in San Antonio,
Campaigning in a schoolroom where they teach depot supply,
Though Gabriel above nor the General knows just why.
For weeks I struggled to improve on Mother Nature
By learning all the AC forms, list and nomenclature.
I've packed a thousand status codes and symbols in my head
'Til on the old stock record, boy, they've got me in the red.
Long had I dreamed of action as a soldier or a fighter,
So they put me in a uniform behind a darned typewriter,
Far from the lines of battle, far from the shot and shell,
I open up my textbooks and give the promised land,
Should I die from too much knowledge and reach the promised land,
I would probably greet St. Peter with a Tech order in my hand,
And sign AC form 102 for the harp and other things,
And flit my way through heaven on a pair of GI wings.

"Irish"

THIS IS WAR

By Cpl. "Junior" Graber

The hour draws close, the men are
still,
Thru the ranks there runs a chill.
A chill of suppressed anticipation
As each man waits at his station.

The men don't talk or even smile,
As each grips his equipment, while,
With eyes and lips firmly set
They await what is to be met.

Tanks are mired, planes can't fly,
Shells may plummet from the sky.
The earth and sky may meet, but then
Nothing can deter these stalwart men.

They know what is in store
For all, in just a few moments more.
Yet they wait, interminably wait,
Leaving all at the hands of fate.

Then it comes, loud and clear,
Shouted so that all can hear,
And everyone is running now,
To the cry, "It's time for chow."

